

THE BOURBON NEWS

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GREAT SCHEMES.

I'm going to write great poems some day. Exactly when I will not say. Just now some things are in the way: I'll begin—well, a week from Tuesday.

There are pictures, too, I mean to paint. My plans, as yet, are a little faint. But my notions are really new and quaint. As you'll see a week from Wednesday.

A great drama I have in mind. As soon as I plot can find. Striking, original, refined. Perhaps a week from Thursday.

I hope to form a stock concern. Enormous dividends I'll earn. Till coupon bonds I'll have to burn. About a year from Friday.

Or, no—I'll just invent a toy. Some simple gimcrack to give joy. To each enraptured girl or boy. I'll work on that next Saturday.

I can't decide which scheme to choose. Each idea seems too good to lose; Meanwhile I'll take my Sunday snooze—To-morrow's only Monday.

—Tudor Jenks, in the Woman's Home Companion.

A Million Dollar Fire

By H. L. Dawes

WHEN Thomas Proctor entered my office one October morning ten years ago I little thought the day would prove to be the most eventful in the lives of three men.

I had aided Proctor financially in several promising business ventures, and they all wound up in disaster, which was not due to any mismanagement on his part, but to a combination of unfortunate circumstances.

After the last collapse Proctor obtained a situation at a salary which barely supported his family. This went on for about two years, when his employer failed and Tom was again stranded. He had been without employment about a month, when he called at my office that October morning.

I gave him some good advice and encouragement, and what to him was more substantial, some dollars to relieve his immediate necessities.

Proctor expressed his gratitude in his blunt, homely fashion, and added, earnestly: "Perhaps this is the turning of the tide, Mr. Burrows," and I replied: "I hope so with all my heart."

At that time I was a director in a large transportation company, and thinking that possibly I might secure a position there for my young friend we started on a search at once.

On the way downtown we stopped at a wholesale house to buy a ham-mock to send to a friend in Florida.

The clerk informed us that as the ham-mock season was over all their stock had been packed away on the top floor, so we ascended to the fifth floor in the elevator and then climbed two flights of stairs, entering a room occupying the whole area of the building.

A clerk was busily engaged with a gentleman whom I recognized as Hon. Moses Ogleshorpe, multi-millionaire, the richest man in the state. The clerk went downstairs for something, leaving us alone—a millionaire, a merchant and a poor man.

Suddenly we were startled by the clanging of gongs, a tooting of bugles and a commotion in the street.

We all rushed to the window, drawn thither by the natural desire inherent in the breast of the average American to witness the rush of the fire engines.

"Great Scott! gentlemen," exclaimed Tom, excitedly, "the fire is in this building! I smell smoke! We must get out!"

We all rushed to the door, Proctor reaching it first. As he swung it open he was driven back by a sheet of flame and smoke.

"No chance to escape by the stairs," said he; "perhaps there's a fire escape; you stay here while I take a look," and with that he ran to the front, side and rear windows. When he rejoined our little group the answer was plainly written on his face.

In that time of awful peril and danger Tom Proctor was cool and collected, so we naturally looked to him to find some avenue of escape. Ten minutes before he was the most insignificant person in the room, a penniless bankrupt, realizing his own insignificance more keenly because of the presence of a modern Croesus.

A few moments had changed the standing of the two extremes of our trio, and Proctor had jumped to the head of the class, for we were in a situation where brains were of more account than dollars.

He carefully examined the room, hoping to find a skylight, but was unsuccessful. Then he sought the windows again, thinking he might discover a coping or cornice by which we could reach some adjoining building, but with the same hopeless result.

Then we ran to the windows to see if there was any chance of help from the firemen. A cry of horror reached our ears as the crowd in the street caught sight of us.

The firemen raised ladders against the side of the building, but our hearts sank, for the ladders reached only the window of the fourth floor.

One cry reached our ears, but it sounded like a death sentence. Some one, evidently a fire chief, roared through a trumpet: "Jump! it's your only chance!" at the same time point-

ing to a group of men holding a large blanket directly beneath us.

"My God!" groaned Ogleshorpe; "it's suicide to jump from this height. It makes me dizzy to think of it."

Proctor was as cool as the proverbial cucumber, and talked to us as calmly as if discussing a business scheme in my private office.

"It's a case of roast or jump," said he, as we came together for a final conference, "that's the whole thing in a nutshell. The only redeeming feature in the case is that each of us can choose the way it suits him best to die. Personally it makes little difference to me. Death by fire isn't really so horrible as it appears, and as for jumping you will lose consciousness long before you reach the ground. After all, my case is much worse than yours, gentlemen. Your families will be well provided for, but God only knows what will become of my wife and children when I'm gone."

"See here, young man," Ogleshorpe exclaimed, grasping Tom by the arm, "I can't be roasted in this hell-hole like a rat, and to jump is still worse! Why, man alive, I'd give a million dollars—a million, do you hear?—to be landed safely on the ground!"

I glanced at Tom—for an instant forgetting our perilous situation—and noted that, unmindful of Ogleshorpe, he was gazing intently to one side; then suddenly his face lighted up with a gleam of hope.

"All right! I accept the contract. No time now for any business formalities. Shake hands on it. You witness this, Mr. Burrows," said he, nodding his head in my direction, at the same time extending his hand to Ogleshorpe.

They hastily grasped each other's hand, and I bore witness of the strangest business transaction on record.

"That's as binding as if drawn up by a regiment of lawyers," exclaimed Ogleshorpe when the simple ceremony was completed. Then he added: "My word is good for that amount, never fear, if I get out of this place alive."

Pushing the millionaire aside roughly, Proctor ran to a case of drawers under the counter a few feet away. On the upper drawer was tacked a white card which bore the simple legend: "Fish lines." It was only the work of a second to pull the drawer out and select a heavy, strong line, about the size used in codfishing. The drawer underneath was labeled "Sinkers," and from this he grabbed a lead sinker, which he deftly fastened to the end of the line. From the wall he tore down a sign which read: "No smoking allowed!" on the back of this card he wrote in plain letters: "Fitch on a rope, quick!"

Making the card fast to the line near the lead he rushed to the window followed by Ogleshorpe and myself.

We watched the descent of that white messenger with breathless interest, for our lives were in the balance and time was precious. Three souls hanging to a cod line and a piece of common everyday cardboard.

A man on the ladder seized the card and read its message. Waving his hand upward to signify that he understood, he ran nimbly down the ladder, darted across the street to a ladder truck, and with the help of a comrade seized a coil of rope, which they flung on the ground directly under our window.

To prevent the line from chafing on the stone trimming under the window sill, Proctor leaned far outward and carefully obeyed the command to "haul."

"This is a kind of a fish worth fishing for," cried he, with enthusiasm; "sort of a goldfish, hey, Mr. Ogleshorpe? Ah, my beauty, now I've got you fast!" he exclaimed, as the end of the rope slipped into his hands.

I believe that Tom had been to sea a couple of voyages when a youngster and evidently the old sailor instinct returned the moment he got hold of that rope.

He yanked it in over the window sill hand over hand till it fairly hummed. When the last fathom fell at our feet Tom grabbed it and with a quick turn of the hands tied a loop, which I think sailors call a "bowline." Slipping this bowline over Mr. Ogleshorpe's head and down to the hips, he said to him, tersely: "Now, then, Mr. Ogleshorpe, you're to sit in this bowline; hold onto the rope with a death-grip. Don't be afraid; you can't fall out if you try. Mr. Burrows and I will lower you down, and all you have to do is to keep yourself away from the building with your feet. You may mark your shins, but that's nothing. Lively now, there's not a moment to lose!"

After a few more instructions and no little urging, the man of money laboriously crawled over the sill; we slackened away on the rope and his head disappeared from view. We had a turn of the rope around a steam pipe and had no difficulty in holding Ogleshorpe's weight, although he was a heavy man.

Presently we heard a tremendous cheer from the crowd below, which told us that Ogleshorpe was safe. Running to the window, we saw him descending the ladder with the help of a fireman.

Tom hauled up the rope again and in an instant I was ready to descend. His instructions to me were the same as to Ogleshorpe, only he added: "If I don't get out of this alive, Mr. Burrows, you see that Bessie and the babies get that million." He glanced uneasily over his shoulder to the rear of the room, where the flames were just beginning to break through.

I made a feeble protest—I meant it, too—that it was only right that he should go next. He replied almost angrily: "Stop your nonsense, Mr. Burrows, and get out of that window! I'll take two turns around this steam pipe, so as to hold you all right, and you'll be on the ladder in a jiffy."

I have a dim recollection of twisting and turning, at the same time falling down, down, till it seemed as

if I was dropping into a bottomless pit in the infernal regions. Before I knew it I was standing on mother earth once more with Ogleshorpe shaking my arm off.

We looked upward, expecting to see Proctor climb down the rope. To the surprise of every one he pulled it up a third time. "What's the fool doing?" exclaimed the fire chief standing near by. "Why don't he slide down that rope? Guess he's lost his head."

"He knows what he's about," said the millionaire. "Look!"

To our amazement the rope dropped from the window with knots in it about six feet apart.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the chief, "that's a trick worth knowing. Wonder how he did it in such a short time." We saw Tom's feet come through the window, where he had to maneuver a moment to wind his legs around the rope; then he slid down from one knot to the next easily and gracefully, disdaining to use the ladder, and finally landed within our midst with the cheery salutation: "All present or accounted for!"

I heard Ogleshorpe whisper to the chief a contribution to the firemen's relief fund of \$1,000 for the possession of that rope, which was duly accepted, and it was afterward generously divided with Tom and me.

Tom called to see me the next day, smiling and happy.

"I've got the million all right, Mr. Burrows," said he, "and have been walking on air ever since. Have to pinch myself to make sure I'm not dreaming. The papers laid it on so thick that I had to sneak through the back streets to get here, people stare so at me."

In the quiet of my private office he explained to me some of the details of the escape from the burning building, which show that brains count in an emergency.

"It was this way," said he. "When our position seemed hopeless and it looked as if we were doomed to a horrible death, Ogleshorpe lost his head and acted half crazy, and you, Mr. Burrows, were in a trance, dazed like."

"Twice before in my life I had looked death square in the eye, and learned by experience that one stands the best chance for his life by keeping cool, with his wits on the qui vive to take advantage of any favorable method or means of escape."

"Unless the fire was gotten under control within a short time, a rope was our only hope. Then I remembered a story. You may think it a queer time to think of such a thing as a story, nevertheless it did its part toward our salvation. It was the tale of a prisoner confined in a high tower. A friend outside shot an arrow through the window; attached to the arrow was a silk thread, to the thread a cord, and to the cord a rope. All these the prisoner pulled up successively, and when he secured the rope his escape was easy."

"About the instant that story was running through my brain Ogleshorpe offered the million dollars and I caught sight of the sign 'Fish Lines.' That solved the problem. You know the rest."

"But right here I would like to justify myself concerning that million. I don't want you to think I took advantage of Ogleshorpe because his life was in danger; I merely profited by his generous offer. It was a matter of business, pure and simple, and the fact that he paid up like a man is proof that he considered it a square deal."

"How about that string of knots in the rope?" I asked. "I'm very curious to know how you did it, and so are some of the firemen."

"Oh, that's a simple trick I learned at sea," he replied. "You make a coil of half hitches, pass the end of the rope through the center of the coil, and it comes out with knots about a fathom or so apart."

"By the way, Mr. Burrows, that was the turning of the tide, after all."

And I answered: "Well, I should say so!"—Boston Globe.

Caught a Wild Man in Wolf Traps.
A wild man was captured in the hills near Greenup, Ky., a few days ago. He had been seen a number of times by different persons, but all efforts to capture him had proved fruitless until Lewis Brown, a farmer, set two of his strongest wolf traps at a cave where the man had been sleeping. He was caught in both traps by the nose and right hand. When Brown found him he was trying to loose the trap from his nose, but when he saw Brown he set up a most dismal howl and attempted to run. He was released and confined in a stable belonging to William Rice. For several days he would not speak, but was finally induced to talk. He said his name was Levi Brewer and that he was raised near Warfield, on the Big Sandy. He appears frightened when strangers approach, but quiets down when he finds they do not intend to hurt him. His nails on his hands and feet are like the talons of an eagle and he is completely covered with hair. He told the correspondent that he had supported himself by fishing and catching game with his hands.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Personally Concerned.
Two men were arguing upon the question of the need of a general and immediate spelling reform, and the discussion waxed earnest.
"Look here, Ferguson," said one of the two, at last, "why are you so bitter in your opposition to reforming the language?"
"Because," replied the other, bringing his fist down with emphasis, "I have just invested \$12 in a new dictionary!"
Mr. Ferguson's argument, it may be added, is not without force. There are many other persons ready to back it up on the same ground.—Youth's Companion.

BOY WONDER IN TELEGRAPHY.

Is Only Eleven But Can Send a Long Press Message Without the Least Concern.

Perhaps the youngest telegraph operator in the country "holding down" a regular office in a courthouse town is Willie Barr, the "manager" of the office at Kingstree, the largest town on the Atlantic coast line between Florence and Charleston, S. C. There is just business enough at that point for one good operator, and "Little Willie" does it all. He is in sole charge, and has been for the last four months. The boy is now just 11 years and 1 month old, and he has been able to do some work on the wire for two and a half years.

When he was eight years old an operator who took a fancy to Willie came to Kingstree and the boy spent hours each day in the telegraph office, fascinated by the strangeness of the thing. Gradually he learned the calls of the different stations on the road by ear; then he was able to catch short words in messages going through. At this time the ambitious little chap was practicing "sending" on a dummy, and finally was permitted to "talk" to operators on the line. When the boy was ten years and six months old, and it became known that there would be a vacancy in the Kingstree office, he applied for the place. The authorities were not disposed to put a child in charge, but Willie got on the train, went to division headquarters, and stood the most rigid examination in the most satisfactory manner. He got the place.

The boy will tackle with perfect unconcern a thousand-word press dispatch, and will send it faultlessly—more than can be said for many adult operators outside the cities.

BAN ON DRESSING GOWNS.

Northwestern Coeds at Evanston, Ill. Hereafter Must Dress for Breakfast.

There are sleepy faces and numerous yawns at Woman's hall, Evanston, Ill., where the pretty coeds live who attend Northwestern university. For an edict was sent forth by Dean Miller that said that all the girls hereafter must dress before appearing at the breakfast table. This means that henceforth, instead of jumping from a soft pillow into a dressing gown or bed quilt and slippers and hurrying down to the dining-room just as the bell quits ringing, each fair maiden will be compelled to take as much care in arranging her tresses and selecting her gown as if she were going out to dinner.

"It's a shame that we have to dress just for breakfast," said one of the dwellers at the hall as she pouted a pair of red lips and stamped her foot. "We have to get up so much earlier that we lose almost an hour's sleep every morning. What difference does it make anyway how we look when we go to breakfast? There's no one there to see us but ourselves, so why should anyone care whether we wear dressing gowns, bed quilts or slippers?"

The dean says that the order will be enforced rigidly in spite of the girls who say it hurts their feelings.

Not Yet Solved.

No Pittsburgh lawyer has, since the filing of those suits against Carnegie, been able to figure out how poverty can be a blessing except to somebody else.

Salvation Army Banned Out.
The Salvation Army, for the second time, has failed to get a foothold in Mexico. Mexican laws forbid all religious processions in the streets of cities.

THE MARKETS.

Cincinnati, April 28.	
CATTLE—Common	\$4 00 @ 4 40
Select butchers	4 90 @ 5 00
CALVES—Extras	7 25 @ 7 35
HOGS—Select packers	5 50 @ 5 55
Mixed packers	5 35 @ 5 45
SHEEP—Choice	4 50 @ 4 75
LAMBS—Extra	6 50 @ 9 00
FLOUR—Spring pat.	3 65 @ 3 90
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	75 1/2 @ 75 3/4
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	42 1/2 @ 43 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	26 @ 26 1/2
RYE—No. 2	62 1/2 @ 63 1/2
HAY—Choice timothy	15 00 @ 15 25
MESS PORK	12 @ 12 1/2
LARD	7 15 @ 7 17
BUTTER—Ch. dairy	12 @ 14
Choices creamery	20 @ 20
APPLES—Ch. to fancy	4 50 @ 4 50
POTATOES—Per brl.	1 55 @ 1 65
TOBACCO—New	2 75 @ 2 75
Old	1 50 @ 1 50

CHICAGO.	
FLOUR—Win. patent	3 60 @ 3 70
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	68 1/2 @ 70
No. 3 spring	64 1/2 @ 65
CORN—No. 2	39 1/2 @ 39 3/4
OATS—No. 2	24 @ 24 1/2
RYE—No. 2	53 1/2 @ 54 1/2
PORK—Mess	11 60 @ 11 65
LARD—Steam	7 15 @ 7 22 1/2

NEW YORK.	
FLOUR—Win. patent	3 70 @ 3 90
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	78 1/2 @ 78 3/4
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	46 1/2 @ 46 3/4
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	28 @ 28 1/2
RYE	60 1/2 @ 60 3/4
PORK—Mess	14 50 @ 15 00
LARD—Steam	7 10 @ 7 20

BALTIMORE.	
FLOUR—Win. patent	3 65 @ 3 85
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	66 1/2 @ 67 1/2
Southern	68 @ 69
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	43 1/2 @ 43 3/4
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	23 1/2 @ 23 3/4
CATTLE—First qual.	4 75 @ 5 10
HOGS—Western	6 00 @ 6 10

INDIANAPOLIS.

WHEAT—No. 2 red.	71 @ 71
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	39 1/2 @ 39 3/4
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	26 @ 26

LOUISVILLE.

FLOUR—Win. patent	4 25 @ 4 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	72 @ 73
CORN—Mixed	43 1/2 @ 43 3/4
OATS—Mixed	27 @ 27 1/2
PORK—Mess	13 50 @ 13 50
LARD—Steam	7 15 @ 7 25

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Ar Lexington	8:15am	8:15pm
Lv Lexington	11:00am	8:45pm
Ar Winchester	11:15am	8:55pm
Ar Mt Vernon	11:30am	9:10pm
Ar Washington	11:45am	9:25pm
Ar Philadelphia	12:00pm	9:40pm
Ar New York	12:15pm	9:55pm

WEST BOUND.

Ar Winchester	7:00am	8:00am
Ar Lexington	7:15am	8:15am
Ar Frankfort	7:30am	8:30am
Ar Shelbyville	7:45am	8:45am
Ar Louisville	8:00am	8:55pm

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